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When the last candle flickers out...

J. C. G.

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When the last candle flickers out...

J. C. G.

A bright spot in my eyes and the soreness in my lids.
The settling of my cheeks and heat of a pillow beneath my hair.
The flash of headlights on dispersing smoke and ashes that
make their way into my nose.

If not— crickets and cold,
then wind and whirl.
Swaying trees and groaning
walls. Soft moonshine
invading through cracks
and a fir furnace at my back.

Or maybe— a chasm with
wood fed flame, hot stones,
and charred game. A hot poker
and slipcovered hands.
Wood plates
and rare
friends.

When small lights
go, all that
was before
still is.
Mystic and
shadow
spelled,



a needed change.